

MAY, 1957

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

News and Features

	Page
Baccalaureate and Commencement—	
Barbara White	3
Officers are Elected—Anne Carmichael..	3
Eventful Centennial Year Is Concluded—	
Alice Chatham	4
Fashion Extravaganza—Cynthia Parker..	4
Campus Improvements—Gloria Griffith..	4
Queens Homecoming—Cynthia Parker..	5
Alumnae to See Movie of Queens—	
Rebecca Price	5
Choir Goes on Tour—Margaret Wright	5
Art Exhibit in Burwell—Gloria Griffith	5
Students Receive Prizes—Gloria Griffith	5
Queens Recovers Relics—Gloria Griffith	6
Liberal Arts Seminar—Sallie McSwain	6
WUS Delegate Visits Campus—	
Laura Prince	6
Alpha Kappa Gamma Taps—	
Julia Rolston	6
May Day at Queens—Jo Holland.....	7
Summer Session—	
Mary Brooks Yarborough	11

Editorials

From the quill	
Hourglass—Stella Dross.....	8
Individual Responsibility—	
Roxana Mebane	8
Take Complaints to Co-ordinating	
Council—Jo Holland	9

Essays and Sketches

Real News—Judy Smith	9
Sea Enchantment—Shirly Shipp	12
The Yellow Kitten—Mary Allred.....	13
A Comparison of Shakespeare's <i>King</i>	
<i>Lear</i> and the Book of <i>Job</i> —Sarah Ann	
Smith	14
The Character of Jim in <i>Huck Finn</i> —...	
Betsy Goodykoontz	25
The Style of Ernest Hemingway—	
Betsy Goodykoontz	28

Browsing (Book Reviews)

Thurber Looks at Man—Sharlene Morris	10
<i>A Single Pebble</i> —Stell Dross	10
<i>From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf</i> —	
Betty McGeachy	10
<i>Sherman's March through the Carolinas</i> —	
Gary Brady	11

Poetry

Writer, Why Do You Write?—	
Mary Brooks Yarborough	16
Come See Them—Cornelia Riviere	16
Gift of the Sea—Laura Prince.....	17
Beauty—Louise Robertson	17
Through A Storm—Carol Harvey	17
The World Did Sleep—Louise Robertson	18
Observations on a Rainy Day—	
Austin Simpson	19
Spring—Mary Brooks Yarborough.....	20
We Don't Have Time to Waste—	
Mary Brooks Yarborough	27
Sounds of Morning—	
Mary Brooks Yarborough.....	27
Rhetoric Retarded—Susan Thomas	29
Comment on Today's World—	
Susan Thomas	29
Marble Musings on Psychology—	
Blue Calhoun	30

Short Stories

Trapped—Reba Steele	21
The Challenge—Ann Holswade.....	23
The Shell—Marilyn Hackett	26

The Blue Quill

MAY, 19

Editor-in-ChiefStella Dross

BUSINESS STAFF

Business ManagerHarriett Lipford
Advertising ManagerMary Brooks Yarborough
Circulation ManagerBarbara White

LITERARY STAFF

Co-editorsBlue Calhoun and Jane Kluttz
Book Review EditorSharlene Morris
Poetry EditorLaura Prince
Short Story EditorSusan Sharpe
ContributorsMary Allred, Gary Brady,
Stella Dross, Betsy Goodykoontz, Marilyn Hackett, Carol
Harvey, Ann Holswade, Betty McGeachy, Sharlene Morris,
Laura Prince, Cornelia Riviere, Louise Robertson, Shirly
Shipp, Austin Simpson, Judy Smith, Sarah Ann Smith, Reba
Steele, Susan Thomas, Mary Brooks Yarborough.

NEWS STAFF

EditorGloria Griffith
Reporters.....Anne Carmichael, Alice Chatham, Gloria Griffith,
Jo Holland, Sallie McSwain, Cynthia Parker, Rebecca Price,
Laura Prince, Julia Rolston, Barbara White, Margaret Wright,
Mary Brooks Yarborough.

PhotographerElizabeth Sproul
ArtistElizabeth Sproul
Make-up EditorMiriam Hinson
Advisors.....Miss Mildred Miscally, Miss Laura
Tillett, Dr. L. Harris Chewning

Baccalaureate and Commencement



The Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered in Belk Chapel on Sunday, June 2, at 10:00 A. M. The speaker will be the Rev. Hunter B. Blakely, D.D., Secretary, Division of Higher Education, Presbyterian Church, United States.

Dr. Blakely, a native of Lancaster, South Carolina, has held pastorates in churches in several cities in the South and in Germany. This service will be

a homecoming for him, as he was president of Queens College from 1939 through 1950.

On Sunday, June 3, at 10:00 A. M., the Commencement convocation will take place, also in Belk Chapel. Dr. Althea Kratz Hottel, Dean of Women of the University of Pennsylvania, will be the speaker for this convocation.

Dr. Hottel was at Queens College from 1930-1936, when she was an in-

structor in sociology and later Dean of Women. She has received various honors and degrees during the past years for outstanding work in education, one of which was the honorary position of president of the American Association of University Women.

At Commencement an honorary degree will be conferred upon Dr. Hottel.

—B. W.

DURING the week of March 11-15 the Queens College student body chose new leaders for the 1957-58 school year. Officers were elected for the Student Government Association, Boarding Student Council, Day Student Council, Queens Christian Association, and Queens Recreation Association; and editors of the *Blue Quill* and the *Coronet* were chosen. The presidents of these organizations were installed during a formal convocation on April 2.

Roxana Mebane was presented the gavel as the new president of the Student Government Association. Assisting her are Nancy Browning, vice-president, and Betty Neal, secretary-treasurer.

Boarding Student Council will be under the direction of Julia Rolston for the coming year. Presidents of the five dormitories are Susan Sharpe, Belk; Nan Floyd, Long; Lemie Dickson, Watkins; Kathy Hooks, Morrison; and Lou Long, Frazer. Rebecca Price is secretary of the Council; Jane Agsten, treasurer; and Nancy Sturdivant, Mary Stenhouse, and Kathy Ross are senior, junior and sophomore class representatives, respectively.

In separate elections Judy Anderson was named president of the Day Stu-

dent Council. Her co-workers are Sophie Leventis, vice-president; Barbara White, secretary; and Carol Sams, treasurer. The Q. C. A. representative for day students is Pris Selby, and Lynn Armstrong is representative to the Recreation Association.

Queens Christian Association will work under the leadership of Libby Henderson. Blue Calhoun will serve as vice-president, Jane Kluttz as secretary, and Lynn Brown as treasurer.

Louise Neil took her place as president of the Recreation Association. Her assistants are Barbara Pruden, vice-president; Helen Baltzell, secretary; and Anna Carmichael, treasurer. Elected as chairmen of publicity and May Day affairs are Judy Smith and Ann Logan, respectively.

Stella Dross and Belva Beasley will edit the two campus publications, the *Blue Quill* and the *Coronet*.

The presidents of the top five student organizations were installed at the formal convocation on April 2. The faculty processional was followed by a hymn after which Mary Miller read the Scriptures. Following a choral selection presented by the Queens College Choir, Jean Trueworthy, outgoing president of the Student Government Association,

Officers Are Elected

introduced the guest speaker, Dr. Samuel R. Spencer, Dean of Students at Davidson College and newly appointed President of Mary Baldwin College. Dr. Spencer charged the new officers to guide the student body wisely and to allow room for each individual and nonconformist on the campus.

Roxana Mebane accepted the challenge, and the out-going officers exchanged caps and gowns with the new leaders. The convocation was closed with the singing of the Queens College Hymn and a prayer by Libby Henderson.

—A. C.

Eventful Centennial Year Is Concluded

As the end of the Centennial year of Queens College draws near, students are aware of the events which have occurred this year to commemorate the hundredth birthday of the institution.

In September a service of thanksgiving and dedication was led by Henry P. Mobley, pastor of the Oakland Avenue Presbyterian Church of Rock Hill and a member of the college Board of Trustees. The following morning a convocation, which was led by Dr. Edwin R. Walker, officially opened the Centennial year and recognized the class of 1957.

The December convocations emphasized the relationship of the college to the Presbyterian Synods of North Carolina and South Carolina and to the seven Charlotte churches which had their beginnings on the Queens campus. On Sunday, December 9, students and members of the faculty attended the morning services of the seven churches: Myers Park Methodist (1925); Myers Park Presbyterian (1926); Selwyn Avenue Presbyterian (1941); Myers Park Baptist (1943); Trinity Presbyterian (1951); Christ Lutheran (1954); and Westminster Presbyterian (1955). That evening a convocation was held at Myers Park Baptist Church. The speaker was Dr. James A. Jones, former pastor of

Myers Park Presbyterian Church, now President of Union Theological Seminary and a member of the Queens College Board of Trustees.

The February convocation was planned by a committee of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce and representatives from the college to stress the interrelationship of Queens College and the city of Charlotte. Harold Stassen was the speaker at this assembly held at Ovens Auditorium on February 19.

Commencement and Homecoming events will close the Centennial year and will honor alumnae of the college. Alumnae Homecoming will be held on Saturday, June 1, followed on Sunday by the Baccalaureate Sermon at 10:00 A.M. in Belk Chapel. The speaker will be Dr. Hunt B. Blakely, Secretary of the Division of Higher Education for the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Blakely was president of Queens from 1939 to 1955. Belk Chapel will also be the scene of the Commencement Convocation on Monday, June 3. The Commencement speaker will be Dr. Althea Kratz Hottel, Dean of Women at the University of Pennsylvania. This convocation will officially close the Centennial Year—"A Year to Remember."
—A. C.

Fashion Extravaganza

The Freshman class sponsored a fashion show on Tuesday, April 9, in Ninniss Auditorium. The clothes and the set decorations were supplied by Mr. Charles Simmons of Efird's Department Store. Five door prizes, also a gift of Efird's, included a Jantzen swim suit, a pair of shoes, a thirty-five dollar permanent, a cosmetic kit, and a thirty-two-dollar portrait, plus one hundred tubes of lipstick awarded to the first hundred people arriving for the show.

Twenty freshman girls modeled campus clothes, casuals, beach-wear, evening ensembles, and a wedding outfit. These models included Ann Ballenger, Ann Holswade, Elizabeth Slagle, Martha Farley, Ann Bowman, Kathy Woods, Beth McNair, Sandra Simmons, Nancy Durland, Betty Powell, Carolyn Hamrick, Pat Willingham, Carol Vaughan, Pat Greene, Kay McNair, Mary Forbis, Marji Bisson, Carolyn Osbourne, Mary Jo Whittle, and Patricia Smith.

Robbie Leckie, Kathy Woods, and Flo Denny were co-chairmen of the show. Melissa Martin and Rosemary Dellinger were in charge of the set decorations, and Sally McSwain headed the ticket-sales committee. Entertainment was supplied by Ann Ballenger, Judy Smith, and Pat Willingham.

—C. P.

Campus Improvements

This spring some improvements have been made on the Queens campus. One of these changes is the new recreation room located in the former storage room behind the Student Store. The large room was redecorated as a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Belk.

Painted a light shade of green, the room is decorated with modern furnishings. It was opened to students on April 12, offering many forms of entertainment for Queens students and their friends. There is a record player with speakers in various spots of the room, a ping-pong table, pool table, and a shuffleboard court and equipment. Comfortable furniture has been selected to complete the room.

In order to make Blair Union more convenient, the kitchen has been remodeled. The day students painted the kitchen themselves, and the college furnished the needed equipment, a stove and refrigerator.

Other improvements on the campus have consisted of the planting of shrubbery behind Burwell Hall and on other sites on the grounds, the painting of the Student Store, and the laying of a broad cement patio before the store.

—G. G.

Queens Homecoming

Once again Queens is holding her annual Homecoming, and the class of 1902 is in charge of the celebration this year. The alumnae will begin arriving on Friday night, May 31.

Class sponsors have for several weeks been busy writing to classmates, and as each member receives a roster of her class, she in turn writes to her special friends. Reservations from as far away as St. Louis, Missouri, have already been received.

Saturday, June 1, will begin with registration at 9:30 a.m. to be followed by class reunions. Preceding lunch the general assembly meeting will be held in Ninniss Auditorium. This will feature especially the members of the class of 1907, 1912, 1917, 1922, 1927, 1932, 1937, 1942, 1947, and 1952. After lunch there will be a tour of the campus and later that evening President and Mrs. Edwin R. Walker will hold a reception for the alumnae and the guests of the graduating seniors.

The Baccalaureate Sermon will be given on Sunday, and the program will close with the Commencement exercises on Monday, June 3.

—C. P.

Choir Goes On Tour

The Queens College Choir, directed by John A. Holliday, made its annual spring tour April 7-11, visiting cities in South Carolina and Georgia.

Concerts were given at the Shandon Presbyterian Church of Columbia, S. C., the First Presbyterian Church of Macon, Ga., and the Morningside Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, Ga.

The program for the tour consisted of a section of Christmas music, including compositions by Praetorius, Gavaert, and Britten; several numbers by the Queens College madrigal singers; and a final group of selections by Vittoria, Bach, Brahms, Persichetti, and Miller.

While in Columbia the choir was invited by the Queens alumnae of that city to a tea for high school seniors who are prospective Queens students.

—M. W.

Alumnae To See

Movie Of Queens

"A Year to Remember," the movie presenting college life at Queens, will be shown to Queens alumnae May 31 at 8:00 p. m. in Ninniss Auditorium.

Throughout the centennial year this movie has been available to interested groups, alumnae clubs, churches, and schools through the alumnae office. It was presented to eight Charlotte Men's Civic Clubs, twice to Queens students in October, 1956, to prospective students during hospitality weekend, to the Kappa Delta alumnae chapter, and over the television station WBTV in February, 1957.

During March the Greenville alumnae group, the alumnae fund agents on campus, the Sedgely Junior High School, Charlotte, N. C., and three Charlotte Women's Civic Clubs viewed a college year through the movie at Queens. The picture was also shown to the women's circles at the First Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C.; the Eastway Junior High School, Charlotte, N. C.; the women of the church, Wilmington, N. C.; the women of Park Lake Presbyterian Church, Orlando, Florida; the Washington, D. C., alumnae chapter; and the Charleston, S. C., alumnae chapter in April.

—R. P.

Art Exhibit In Burwell

Several exhibits, which have been changed each month, have been on display in Burwell Hall this year. Among these have been displays from the Hickory Museum of Art and paintings of individual artists from various parts of the country.

The most recent display was from the Travelling Art Exhibit which originated at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, and composed of outstanding paintings done by teachers of painting. This exhibit, which was in Burwell during the month of April, was selected for its interest value for Queens students, faculty, and citizens of Charlotte.

The artists whose paintings were shown in April were: Francis Barone, Ernest Law Biddle, Morris Blackburn, Florence Dell Broadway, Cyril Gardner, Dolya Goutman, Francis Jennings, John Lear, Giovanni Martino, Leonard Nelson, and Pearl Van Sciver.

Plans are now being made to continue this project of displaying paintings in Burwell during next year.

—G. G.

Students Receive Prizes

In the second annual art exhibition sponsored by the Belk Stores, Barbara Kasler and Ann McPhail, students at Queens, took prizes for their oil paintings. The competition included students from universities and colleges in North Carolina and South Carolina. Mr. Lamar Dodd, head of the art department of the University of Georgia, was the judge of the painting exhibition.

Barbara, a junior, is an art and education major and an outstanding day student. Her prize-winning oil painting entitled "Hansom Cabs" was awarded second place in the contest.

Ann, a sophomore, was awarded second honorable mention for her oil painting, "Linden Row," a scene of Richmond, Virginia, houses which were left standing after the Civil War. Ann is a fine-arts major.

Both paintings were on exhibit in the Mint Museum through April 28.

—G. G.

Queens Recovers Relics

Many treasured souvenirs, memos of the past one hundred years at Queens, are now on display in the South Parlor of Burwell Hall. All kinds of keepsakes such as class pins, report cards with grades on elocution, yearbooks, dance programs, jewelry, high-top button shoes, graduation dresses, photographs, fans, hair pins, dresser items, diplomas, bathing suits, and even a side saddle and riding boots are being shown in this collection. More materials are still coming in for the display.

This exhibit, another in the projects which have been planned for the celebration of the centennial year at Queens, was organized to permit students, faculty, alumnae, and friends to catch a glimpse of the days gone by. The Charlotte Mecklenburg Alumnae Chapter took the compiling of the exhibit as their service project. Principal persons serving on the committee which directed the exhibit were Mrs. Wyss L. Barker, Mrs. Georgie Spratt Grey, and Mrs. J. M. Renfrow.

This committee sent out letters first to all graduates of Queens from the years 1883-1915. In these letters the alumnae were asked to search their attics for all remembrances of their days spent at Queens and to send all these

treasured keepsakes to the collection. Much response was received from this letter, and later another request for items was sent to alumnae of the years 1915-1930. Items depicting almost every era at Queens were received from places all over the United States.

As soon as a large number of interesting articles came in, Mrs. Jane Ligon, assistant in the Alumnae Office, began work on arranging the souvenirs in the South Parlor. Mr. George W. Dowdy, General Manager of Belk Stores and a member of the Board of Trustees of Queens, lent the college lighted showcases and dress forms to display the collected items. Mr. Reynolds, head of the maintenance department, constructed large beaver boards upon which the old letters and papers could be tacked and placed the showcases.

The exhibit is to be completed before Commencement and will be kept in place until Homecoming, when alumnae can come back and enjoy the relics of the past.

Some of the items are loans to the college, but many have been given to be placed in the fire-proof archives room of the proposed new library.

—G. G.

WUS Delegate Visits Campus

On April 10, 1957, Queens College was honored to have on its campus Miss Deep Singh of New Delhi, India. Miss Singh came to the United States in 1955 and obtained her M.A. degree in sociology from the University of Georgia.

In January of this year Miss Singh began a tour of the universities of four southern states as a representative of the World University Service. This is an international student service organization effected through the co-operative effort of students and professors in forty-one countries. As WUS is based on service to humanity, projects in the WUS Program of Action are set up

to help meet the most critical and basic needs in universities of the world.

During her visit to Queens Miss Singh spoke to one of the Bible classes and to the American literature class. She also met with the cabinet members of QCA after dinner and then with the members of the World University Service committee, helping them in their plans to sponsor a campaign which would aid individual students in India to attend the universities there. After dinner Miss Singh spoke briefly in Ninniss to the student body, explaining WUS and its function in the world.

The members of the Co-ordinating Council invited Miss Singh to attend the first part of their meeting so that plans for the campaign could be discussed.

—L. P.

Liberal Arts Seminar

From March 7-28 fifteen men and women participated in a course at Queens Evening College which was centered around the development of liberal arts conversations.

Led by Dr. Malcolm McAfee, professor of sociology at Davidson College, the seminar discussions were built around four "Faith Standpoints" or "World Views": skepticism, humanism, the reformed theological position, and heteronomy. To each "Faith Standpoint" the following questions were applied: What is the nature of man? How does he know? What is his dilemma? What solution does his faith standpoint offer?

It was hoped that the student might react to and against these questions in such a way as to clarify his own world view position. Each of the four questions and standpoints was discussed in relation to the sciences, the humanities, and history.

Members of this class, who are part of a new nation-wide movement toward helping adults tie together their liberal education into a meaningful whole, were carefully selected to include a diversity of religious, social, economic, and professional backgrounds. With Dr. McAfee as group leader and program co-ordinator, the sessions also consisted of having the evening meal together in order to stimulate a residence condition that might result in uninhibited conversation by every member of the group during the five-and-a-half-hour sessions.

—S. M.

Alpha Kappa Gamma Taps

On Wednesday, April 17, the Queens chapter of Alpha Kappa Gamma, honorary leadership fraternity for college women, held its second annual tapping service. Those elected to membership were Blue Calhoun, Stella Dross, Nancy Floyd, Julia Rolston, and Susan Sharpe.

The Olympic Circle of Alpha Kappa Gamma was installed at Queens College in 1928.

—J. F.

May Day at Queens

The May Day festivities, centered around the theme of combining the past one hundred years at Queens with the present, was an outstanding event of early May. The weekend began on Friday afternoon at four o'clock with the presentation of the court and ended with an informal dance on Saturday night, May 4.

The reigning Queen of the May was Anna McAlpin, a senior from Jackshear, Georgia. Anna wore a simple white taffeta dress with a full skirt falling into a short train. The lace-covered bodice was decorated with tiny seed pearls and rhinestones. She carried a cascade of white flowers.

Jean Trueworthy, also a senior, was Maid of Honor. Jean's dress was light candy-cotton pink. The skirt was nylon net and taffeta, the overskirt caught up around the bottom to allow wisps of net to show. Jean carried a bouquet of dark pink and rose flowers which matched her velvet sash.

There were sixteen members of the court, each selected by the student body from the four classes. The attendants were: Susanne Branch, Marie Dowd, Betty Sue Faulconer, Margaret Jones Wood, Zelma Dickson, Betty Gray, Jean McLaurin, Frances DeArmon, Carolyn Hilker, Ann Logan, Linda Todd, Barbara Berry, Jake Ragland, Linden Spann, Sara Streater, and Pat Villingham. The members of the court wore dresses of embroidered nylon-gandy over taffeta in soft shades of pink, green, yellow, and blue. The skirts featured a bustle effect with a long flowing sash. The girls wore wide



ANNA McALPIN — 1957 MAY QUEEN

hats of a matching color of the dresses. Each carried a wicker basket containing spring garden flowers of varying shades, daisies predominating.

The flower girl and crown bearer were Teresa Caroline Dooley and Christopher James Dooley, respectively, cousins of the May Queen.

The entertainment for the court was given by the members of the Queens modern dance class; they presented a program entitled "Memories Are Made of This." Their dances represented the years from 1857 until the present, 1957. The girls chose music that was popular at the different periods through the

hundred years and wore colorful costumes typical of the respective periods. The first number, representing the years from 1857 to 1875, was "The Quilting Party." The second period was the late 1880's and early 1900's; these dances were entitled "In the Good Ole Summertime" and "Glow Worm." The third group represented the years from 1920 to 1940. The dances in this part were "Varsity Drag" and "Indian Love Call." The last two dances were representative of the late 1940's through 1957. The numbers were "Bali Hai" and "Day O."

After the completion of the program and the recessional of the court, each of the five sororities held open house. All the members of the families and friends of the court and dancers as well as all the students were entertained. Following open house and dinner in the dining hall, the Queens Dolphin Club presented its annual Water Show, entitled "Through the

Years." This program also presented in the form of water ballet numbers representing the past century.

The May Day festivities extended over the following day, May 4. Saturday afternoon the May Day Committee sponsored a picnic for the students and their dates and faculty in Freedom Park.

The weekend was completed with an informal dance in Owens gymnasium. A combo from Billy Knauff's band played, and the gym was decorated in a spring motif. These decorations included garden baskets of spring flowers. The members of the court and the Queen were presented in the figure.

—J. H.

from the quill



HOURLASS

The hourglass is a symbol of time—time gone by and time yet to come. During this year we have seen and heard much about our past—our founders, our traditions, and our growth—but in the movie and in every Centennial lecture or convocation, the past has been emphasized as important only as it relates to the future. We have not celebrated our past one hundred years merely for the sake of sentiment; our Centennial celebration has not been, as some think, a program designed to keep us busy. It has been rather an organized effort employed to determine what has made us grow. And this effort has resulted in some interesting discoveries.

We have learned that Queens College did not just evolve. Instead, it underwent many stages of development—both physical and spiritual. The beliefs, the enrollment, the standards, and the aims have been studied, challenged, and, as a result, improved. What Queens is now was at one time only an aspiration. It was, so to speak, the smaller hourglass top-heavy with sand.

But now the sands in the 1857 hourglass have run out. Many of the dreams and plans of our founders have been realized. But does that mean that we who have seen the last sands sink are to feel that we have no goals, no aspirations, no challenges? The answer is, of course, "No." We must weigh our past for what it is worth and must recognize and value our heritage—but we must not rest on our laurels. We must think of our past as a stepping-stone to greater heights. We see before us a full and even larger hourglass—one labeled "1957." We must not let the sands reach the bottom until we have accepted and fulfilled the challenge before us. What we *can* accomplish is unlimited. What we *will* accomplish lies within us. Dr. Huston Smith in one of our Centennial convocations referred to Christian scholars as "God's spies." He defined the task of God's spies as the act of "going ahead of the meaning-to-come in the great wilderness where at yet there is no meaning." As we at Queens venture into our second century, we also find before us the task of God's spies.

—S. I.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY

Responsibility is an inescapable obligation in an individual's life. Responsibilities do not necessarily remain constant; with each change in situation and in time, the individual develops a new frame of reference which results in new and different responsibilities. There can be no shirking of responsibility; in order to accept it fully, however, each person must understand where his responsibility lies. He must realize that there are three areas toward which he must be responsible—to himself, to his God, and to his fellow men.

In being responsible to himself he must be a respecter of his own talents and abilities. There will be opportunities offered for the development of these talents, and of these opportunities he must take advantage. Nor must he forget that he is an individual, and, as such, it is not always necessary to restrict his action to conform to group approval; to do so is unjust to self and a hindrance to personality. Once a person has realized his own capabilities, he is re-

sponsible to his God for the way in which he develops them; he must offer his capabilities to God and dedicate them to God's glorification. Finally, an individual is responsible to his fellow men, for his developed and dedicated abilities when channeled through God are climaxed by that person's interest and contributions to others.

Queens College is beginning its one-hundred-and-first year. During this coming year each member of the student body will be faced with and must accept certain new and different responsibilities to herself, to her God, and to her fellow men. Queens College stands at the threshold of a future that is even far greater than its past. As the college takes its first step into the future, it is evident that the opportunities, successes, and achievements of its second century are dependent on the extent to which each individual related to the college accepts and shoulders his responsibilities.

—R. M.

TAKE COMPLAINTS TO CO-ORDINATING COUNCIL

Often one hears among huddled groups on the campus instant rumblings that sound very much like complaints. They might sound like "Oh no, not peanut butter again"; or "Why don't they fix the heat?"; or "I don't see why we can't smoke over there"; or "I really can't see any reason why we can't have later permission for Coliseum events"; or "That library is the noisiest place on campus; why don't they do something about it?" You might have heard these remarks and ones very much like them. Perhaps you have heard many other ones, all pertaining to something different. A few might just be coming from some general griper letting off steam as usual; others might very well be serious complaints that really need attention. Does it do any good standing around in groups mumbling and grumbling? Is anything accomplished by throwing criticisms here and there for any and every one to hear? Or one might ask: Can anything be accomplished even if the right person should by chance hear?

There is on this campus a student government. Does that really mean anything? It is government *by* students; it is authority given into the hands of students. Within the Student Government there is what is called a Co-ordinating Council. The purpose of Co-ordinating Council is to help every organization on campus function harmoniously. This includes every student; it includes every organization of which students are members; it includes every member of the staff and faculty; it includes the organizations of which they are members. If there is a misunderstanding or complaint of any nature among students or faculty, Co-ordinating Council hears that problem and takes proper action. This Council *wants* to hear the students' complaints; the members are willing to help the students, but no help can be given unless help is asked for.

The students on this campus can accomplish the things they *want* to accomplish. There seem to be a good many grievances here and there about often seemingly petty things, but nothing that is a problem or is irritating is petty. If one wants something added, something taken away, or something changed, he should take it to Co-ordinating Council. Co-ordinating Council is in the position to go to the proper persons; they have the influence and authority. They are the voice of the students, and that voice can be a very strong one if spoken in the right direction.

Very often it might turn out that the students are not entirely satisfied with the results obtained from their request or suggestion, or maybe the reasons for refusal do not seem justifiable. Then it is always possible and usually desirable to take the problem to Co-ordinating Council again. If the Council still is not able to satisfy students, or even *one* student, then why not make use of the editorial section of the students' publication? If it is not considered wholly fair not to be able to get "outside" on the house phones at any time desired, then let's not sit around fuming and chewing nails; let the students get what they think is right, or at least a satisfactorily explained refusal. If the students do not want required assemblies, then let's not gripe about having to "take cuts" unless we have done our best. If peanut butter is not considered a good staple diet, then let's go to Co-ordinating Council for action. Action is what we need, not complaints that go in a worn circle. And that action can be obtained through the Co-ordinating Council. The huddled groups firing complaints in every direction accomplish nothing; Co-ordinating Council does.

—J. H.

REAL NEWS

JUDY SMITH

Having reached the age of four, I was just like other thousands of children in most respects. I enjoyed donning my mother's old dresses and high heels and parading around the neighborhood showing off my new ensemble. To bake and pies in the sun and present them at the evening meal was another favorite pastime. Playing in the sandpile with children of my own age also occupied much of my spare time. But to play with my sister Lou was a real event. After all, she was seven years old and in school, and surely anyone in the second grade knew everything there was to know about everything. At least I thought so, and sometimes I did too.

While playing quietly one day in my sand pile, I was interrupted by Lou's asking the number of grains of sand I had clutched in my fist. Without hesitating, I replied, "I am holding exactly 102."

Lou frowned at me and said, "Your answer is all wrong. You have exactly 104 grains in your hand."

After a lengthy speech Lou convinced me that I was nothing more than an idiot who would probably have to spend the rest of my life sitting in that same sandpile trying to understand where I had made my mistake.

On another occasion I removed from my piggy bank the fourteen cents which I had so carefully saved, and I scurried out of the house with it concealed in my pocket. Some few hours later I returned, carrying an expensive antique clock. Knowing that it was the prize possession of my neighbor, mother exclaimed in a horrified manner, "Where did you get that?"

Calmly I replied, "Oh, I swapped it with Annette for fourteen cents and a beautiful bunch of petunias."

I was instructed to return it immediately and offer my apologies, and I did so willingly. I had the feeling that Annette had gotten the better end of the bargain because I could not tell time in the first place.

Because Lou had acquired such a vast knowledge in her seven years, she naturally attempted to answer all my questions and solve my many problems. And one of my serious

(Continued on page 11)

THURBER LOOKS AT MAN

James Thurber: *Further Fables for Our Times*. Simon and Schuster, New York: 1956, 177 pp. Illustrated.

Further Fables for Our Times could not be named more precisely, for Thurber's newest and funniest book is exactly what the title implies. By revising some of the classical fables and creating new ones of his own, the author has given philosophic pills new appeal and added meaning for the modern reader.

Like nearly all of the writers that belong to that somewhat cynical world of Roger Price, Don Marquis, and their peers, Thurber writes with the self-importance of man as his basic theme. With four-legged or feathered friends at the end of his verbal spear, he punches many holes into the pride of man. He reflects, "Twas true in Aesop's time, and La Fontaine's, and now, no one else can praise thee quite so well as thou." With tongue-in-cheek he writes of man's all-consuming pride in

A SINGLE PEBBLE

John Hersey: *A Single Pebble*. Alfred A. Knopf, New York: 1956, 181 pp., \$3.00.

Tense, taut, keen, and provocative is the situation created when two antagonistic cultures are confronted with one another. In their encounter, misunderstanding, mistrust, and sheer hate intertwine to compose the atmosphere in which these opposing forces quietly gnaw away on each other.

The interplay of the two forces in Hersey's *A Single Pebble* begins when the central character, a young American engineer, boards a Chinese junk, the vessel which is to carry him up the Yangtze River and which is to be the source of his many revelations about China, about America, and about himself. The American boards the junk because as an ambitious engineer he is eager to learn whether or not it would be worth-while for his company to try to sell to the Chinese government a vast power project in the famous gorges of this treacherous river. He says that he

FROM BEOWULF TO VIRGINIA WOOLF

Robert Manson Myers: *From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf*. Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis: 1952, 75 pp.

In *From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf* Robert Manson Myers surveys a broad subject of English literature through an approach which should delight scholars and connoisseurs of alike. Combining his glib pen with a collection of choice slips which students have made on examination papers, Myers presents to the reader the highlights in the development of our language from "Old Anguische" and "Mud English" through the period of "Neochasticism" and the "Victorious Age" to the present day. Although on occasion the author resorts to an extremely low type of humor, the book abounds in clever puns and subtleties; the result is an hour of chuckling and reading aloud to whoever will listen.

Interspersed in the account of the most outstanding authors and their works are references to the historical background of the time. Such passages as "Time before 1066 is now reckoned as 'Time In Memoriam'" and "La William established the Futile System with its intricate relationships between lord, vessel, serf, and villain," are only two examples of Myers' humor. An additional feature of the book is its delightful illustrations, which, in reality, are famous paintings or sketches. Among them are two which he calls "The Invisible Spanish Armada" and "The Grate Fire of London," titles which need no further explanation.

The degree to which the reader enjoys this book will depend to a large extent upon his familiarity with the subject matter; any parody is effective only if its more serious original is well known. But few will fail to gain some pleasure from thumbing through its brief chapters, each of which carries on the theme "Wolf" ("The Wolf at the Door," "The Big Bad Wolf," and "The Lone Wolf" are the titles of three of the chapters). Although *From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf* will never itself take a prominent place in English literature it is the answer of the English scholar to the many volumes of similar nature in other academic fields.

—BETTY McGEACH

Browsing . . .

the mere fact that he is man. In a dialogue studded with alliteration and appellations man tells the dinosaur what he thinks of himself. He begins in this manner:

"Greetings, stupid," said man. "Behold in me the artfully articulated architect of the future, the chosen species, the certain survivor, the indestructible one, the monarch of all you survey, and of all that everyone else surveys, for that matter . . . If there were no man it would be necessary to create one," said man, "for God moves in mysterious, but efficient, ways, and He needs help."

In spite of his touch of cynicism, Thurber does not let his satire become so pointed that his reader overlooks the humorous; on the contrary, his fables are surprisingly funny even for Thurber and at times are even whimsical.

Further Fables for Our Times must surely be one of the best books of its kind that have been published in recent years. Succinct and varied, aptly illustrated, it proves delightful reading. The jacket says this: "People who already

(Continued on page 11)

could think of the river only as an "enormous sinew, a long strip of raw, naked, cruel power waiting to be tamed." He hastens to add, however, that he "had much to learn." The boat has not left dock when the engineer receives the first revelation to color his whole view of China. The revelation comes when the owner gives the order to cast off for their journey upstream. At that very moment the junk's cook cries out that he has forgotten to pick up some cabbage at the market place. This blunder, which delays the trip eight hours, brings only laughter and merriment to the crew; but to the American, who has hundreds of miles of hydro-electric promises ahead, the delay brings impatience, frustration, and disgust. In the merriment of the others he realizes that he is traveling not only on a craft designed forty centuries ago, but also with people whose philosophies were shaped forty centuries ago.

These backward Eastern people—the cook, the junk owner, his wife, the head tracker, and others—present many revelations to the young engineer. Because

(Continued on page 13)

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH THE CAROLINAS

John G. Barrett: *Sherman's March Through the Carolinas*. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill: 1956, 325 pp., \$6.00.

This work is an interesting account of the military feat which Sherman always considered his greatest accomplishment: his terribly destructive march through Georgia and the Carolinas. There is no denying that this march had a profound effect upon the collapse of Confederate resistance. Instead of the war's dragging on for another summer or perhaps another year as a result of organized bands of resistance throughout the South, particularly in the area of the Carolinas, Sherman's march caused Confederate resistance to collapse somewhat like a punctured balloon. Thus, though his march of destruction caused much suffering and hardships in the Carolinas, Sherman's march saved untold numbers of lives on both sides.

Mr. Barrett begins his work with a brief summary of Sherman's life, a rather unusual life before the war in respect to his actions in the war. He was very fond of the South, looked on slavery with favor, and, had not the war come, would probably have spent his life in the South. But Sherman was devoted to the preservation of the Union to a fanatical extreme; and, as he prepared to enter the state of South Carolina, there can be no denying that he was desirous of taking a fanatical revenge upon that state because of its part in the secession movement.

Sherman's march is reconstructed from official reports, newspaper reports, and accounts of eyewitnesses. Mr. Barrett does not wave the battle flag with emotional presentations of the sacking and burning of homes and the ravishing of Southern ladies; instead, he attempts to re-create objectively the scenes along the army's route of march. Vivid are the descriptions of the taking and burning of Columbia and of the depredation of the "bummers" of Sherman's army. Regardless of whether they were acting under direct orders from Sherman or not, he had to bear the responsibility for the many unnecessary outages committed along the route. Perhaps the most important contribution of this book is that Sherman could conceive grand strategy and tactics but could never execute them to the great-

est extent because he was always well away from the front lines and out of touch with the actual events.

Mr. Barrett follows Sherman's march from Columbia into North Carolina and his near disaster at Bentonville, and the work concludes with Sherman's grandiose schemes for restoring the South to its proper state. It was Sherman's intention that the war chastise the South and then end as quickly as possible; then all would be forgotten between North and South. But Sherman's plan backfired: the destruction of his march was an ever-present reminder of what the North had done to the civilian population of the South. There was no quick forgetting of the devastation, even to the second and third generations of the people of this area.

All in all, Mr. Barrett treats Sherman very sympathetically and reports the events of his march in a very objective and unbiased way. This book is a valuable addition to Civil War literature; it is extremely well written and well organized. The University of North Carolina Press has done its usual good job of printing this work. For a native of the area, familiar with the terrain and towns, it re-creates an event in American history that seems an impossible occurrence in our country; for we always attempt to picture the history of our nation in the best possible light, with an eye to making Americans appear benevolent and humane. But the cruelty of Sherman's march helps to explain psychologically the South's later attitude toward war and the national government.

—GARY BRADY

Real News

(Continued from page 9)

problems was what I should do about the neighbor's dog. He was a very small Manchester with big teeth. I was certain that the day would come when he would try using those teeth on me. I didn't know what to do—but Lou did. She said, "If the dog bites you, the only thing to do is to bite him back." The day soon came when he did try to bite me, but on his first attempt he came out second best. I was extremely proud of my accomplishment, but Lou claimed all the fame from the neighborhood children because it had been her ingenious plan. But when the time came for an explanation to the neighborhood parents as to why the dog was limping, Lou just couldn't remember anything about the dog. I tried to ex-

Summer Session

June 10-15 will be registration time for the 1957 session of summer school at Queens College. The six-weeks term begins June 17 and ends July 26. The eight-weeks term begins June 17 and ends August 9.

The registration fee is \$5.00; tuition per hour of credit, \$15.00; and laboratory fee per semester course, \$5.00.

Those desiring to enter the school must meet the admission requirements. Students who attend or have attended another college must show a statement of good standing from that school and have permission to take the desired courses. High school graduates must produce evidence of graduation and a transcript of their work.

In the six-weeks session students may earn credit for six semester hours. Classes in laboratory sciences will last eight weeks, giving credit for eight semester hours.

The college does not offer boarding facilities during the summer; however, all other college facilities will be open to the students.

The academic standards and regulations of the regular session apply to the summer session.

Among the courses to be offered are courses in art, Bible, biology, chemistry, economics, education, mathematics, music, applied music — violin, cello, voice, piano, and organ.

The administration reserves the right to withdraw any course for which the enrollment is less than eight students.

For further information contact the Office of Admissions.

—M. B. Y.

Thurber Looks At Man

(Continued from page 10)

know everything there is to know about people shouldn't bother reading this book. Others need it badly." This is nearer the truth than not, but that makes little difference. Thurber's main purpose was to write a funny book. He has. And in spite of maiden aunts or clergymen who might be sitting across the hall, Thurber's readers will shake with laughter.

—SHARLENE MORRIS

plain that it was I who had bitten the dog, but to parents that was absurd. Four-year-olds just don't do things like that.

SEA ENCHANTMENT

SHIRLY SHIP

The sultry night was electric with suppressed magic, a dusky goddess. A faint breeze touched my cheek, giving relief from the oppressive warmth and then gently passed away. Ancient trees, their trunks palely silvered by the moonlight and their frothy leafage partially hidden by Spanish moss, sentineled this paradise.

I knew, however, that the sea was near: the acrid smell of fish and salt was unmistakable, and soon I could faintly hear the murmuring lap, lap of the waves breaking on shore. Despite the forewarning that I was approaching the sea, the first glimpse of its mirrored surface sparkling in the distance produced an involuntary gasp of surprise and delight.

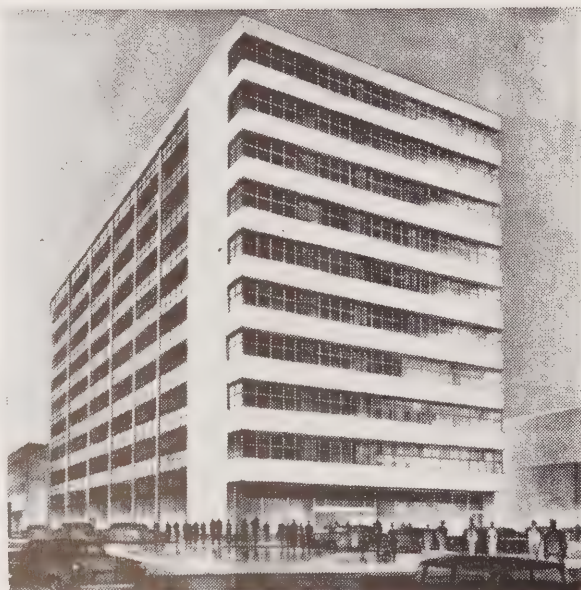
Suddenly, heedless of the brambles pricking my bare legs, I felt a mad impulse to dash wildly through the remaining vegetation that tumbled in un-


controlled profusion almost to the water's edge. Pausing only long enough to loosen the thongs of my sandals, I ran barefoot through the grainy sand down to the water. I played games with the splashing waves, standing motionless while the undertow pulled the sucking, wet sand from beneath my toes and threatened to upset my already giddy balance by the insidious force of its current.

Chilled and benumbed, I returned to the dry sand, lay back, and closed my eyes while I reflected upon my deep affection for this beach. Memories began to crowd into my thoughts: long, lazy summer days with the sun a fiery white-hot orb overhead, beach parties with marshmallows and wieners charring in the crackling driftwood fires while music from the portable radio drifted across the water, and afterwards breathless races plunging headlong through the surf.

I sat up and haphazardly brushed the sand still clinging to my arms, and suddenly in that hazy moment I felt myself unexpectedly overcome with strange and powerful emotions. Alien thoughts began to pound in my brain, frightening me with their intensity. An inexplicable poignancy filled the air, and in one terrible moment in that desolate place I knew all sorrow, torturing grief, and loneliness.

Shaking with terror, I began to run, and only after I had reached the grove did I turn to look back. Dark clouds faintly edged in silver sullenly scudded across the brooding sky; a few bright tips embraced the pallid crescent moon. The implacable ocean was frightening in its unbroken greyness, mocking its inexorable power. I fled from the scene, the incantation of the sea still sounding its weird, haunting chant in my soul.






9
CONVENIENT
OFFICES
LOCATED IN
CHARLOTTE

THE
UNION NATIONAL
BANK
OF CHARLOTTE

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



A Single Pebble

(Continued from page 10)

of their slow-moving Oriental culture, nearly all of the people are constantly at odds with this misplaced passenger. The one person on the junk, however, who makes an attempt to ease the tension caused by the engineer's presence is Su-ling, the junk owner's wife. In her simple, childlike manner, she relates to the American tales of her homeland and the origin of many of her people's strange beliefs. And through Su-ling's gentle but serious tutoring, the engineer gradually and reluctantly gains insight into the Chinese way of life. His insight, however, does not produce acceptance; it produces rather a sympathy and pity for their incredible, pseudo-scientific dogmas. As an example, Hersey records the thoughts of the engineer after he and Su-ling had laughed when he translated a letter whose pages had curiously adorned the walls of a scholar's room. After the episode the engineer thinks:

Thus a translation of a translation brought us together, but I can see now that we were still very far apart, farther apart indeed than languages, even though we had laughed together, for our laughter was cruel, as laughter so often is. I was laughing at the awkwardness of a Western mind, mine. And now that I think back, I realize that the real gap between us lay in the fact that I, who was so proud of coming from the swift-winged world of science, was laughing at an old world where it was possible seriously to believe that men die young of the habit of failing to go out on a dangerous river to gaze at the earth when it turns overnight into silver.

Thus it is that throughout his relationship with Su-ling, he realizes that even in his most understanding and trustworthy companion there were misunderstanding and mistrust. He realizes, furthermore, that they are a result of the vast differences between the innate philosophies of the ancient Chinese and the modern Americans. In short, he realizes that his experience is a battle between the old way and the new way of life.

This battle continues throughout the book and reaches its climax when the American, despite Su-ling's warning, suggests to the junk owner the idea of having engines haul the boat over the rapids. The engineer is immediately rebuffed by the owner, who wants no change and who, from this point on,

The Yellow Kitten

MARY ALLRED

It was a golden morning, bathed clean in the dew, pure as only the first hours of day can be. The world was a-twitter with bird calls. Bright forms flashed across the blue sky. Everywhere the eye could see, from the green fields to the garden path to the great budding woods and back again, there was beauty and there was joy. But no—not everywhere: by the side of the path, half hidden in the grass, a little girl huddled. Her body was shaking and her cheeks were wet with tears that she could not stop. Tiny creatures scuttered by; they were amazed and rather frightened to see their small friend cry.

She was usually a happy child. Never having had neighbors, she did not miss them. Her playmates were the beckoning woods, and the luring fields of giant corn, and the helpless animals. Her days were always full, always exciting. Her imagination and her exploring eye kept her busy, sometimes mischievous, seldom morose. But her heart, being sensitive, was her real compass. She gave her affections wholly, irrevocably. To

hates the engineer. But also at this point a final revelation comes to the American. He realizes that the generation with which he is trying to deal is hopeless. Hersey lets us experience along with his character the feeling of near-heartbreak when the engineer comprehends the stubbornness and superstition of the Chinese people. In the end, though, the American is optimistic that some day the people will come out of their shells and will capture the vast possibilities which science has provided.

In this short but powerful book John Hersey transfers the emotions and attitudes of his characters to the minds and hearts of his readers. He makes us feel the engineer's changing attitude toward the Chinese people; along with him we gain insight into and understanding of this culture so far removed from our own. It is in such vivid, well-written books as *A Single Pebble* that we in America can educate ourselves about other nations, for in it we learn of a different way of life, the complete understanding of which is vital in bringing about world peace.

—STELLA DROSS

lose anything she loved was impossible; it was a part of her!

Yet, it was not impossible. For loss had come, had poked its ugly face into her world. And now as she wept, memories ran through her thoughts in tortured succession.

She remembered the day the yellow kitten had run purring into her life to capture her heart and to become her best friend. She had fed it bread and milk. When it had finished licking its paws, it smiled—really smiled—and rubbed against her leg and purred its friendliness. It was little and helpless; it was a thing of golden beauty, and she gave her heart to it.

From that day on, the two had been inseparable. Every morning the tot awoke early; and when she had finished her breakfast, she would hurry to the yard, in her hands a plate heaped with scraps. She would trot down the path and shrill, "Here, kitty, kitty; here, kitty, kitty!" And every morning a wee fluffy ball of fur rolled out of the woods and gulped its breakfast. For the rest of each day the girl and the kitten would be constant companions. They raced; they chased each other; they invented games. And whenever they had been apart, the kitten had its own greeting. It would dash toward her, spring up, and lock its two front paws about her leg.

All these things she was remembering. And inevitably the darker memories followed. One rainy dawn—how long ago? several months perhaps—she had pulled on her galoshes and trudged into the mud. "Here, kitty, kitty; here, kitty, kitty!" She had waited expectantly. But nothing had happened. Again and again she had called while the rain soaked into her. She grew angry, then frightened, then frantic. At first she resisted her mother's attempts to carry her in, but she was soon soothed by the words of encouragement: "He'll come back, honey. He's just wandered off for a little while." Her spirits rose a little, but the dread was still there. Fear mounted with every passing day; tears fell at night. And though she finally lost all hope, she could not forget.

She had been thinking about the yellow kitten when she walked outside to play by herself this bright morning.

(Continued on page 25)

The personalities of Lear and Job are widely different in many ways, but they have in common the universal expression of human suffering. They also meet on common ground in their attempt to explain the relationship of evil and justice in the world of men. Only in their attempt to do this, however, are they alike; for they answer the question in entirely different ways.

Before entering the discussion of suffering and evil as expressed in these two works, the writer would like to analyze briefly the structure and make-up of *King Lear* and *Job*. The first, of course, is a Shakespearean tragedy containing the elements necessary for its successful stage presentation. By some it has been called Shakespeare's greatest triumph and has been likened to such masterpieces as *The Divine Comedy*. *Job* is a narrative by an unknown author which contains many dramatic elements. It is divided into three main sections. Unlike *Lear*, which presents its story through great dramatic actions, *Job* consists mainly of long speeches which take place as Job and his three friends sit together and discuss or argue the causes of Job's unhappiness. In one main point these two works are alike—both consist of mingled prose and poetry and in both poetry predominates.

A word must be said about the characters, who serve entirely different functions in the two works. It seems to this writer that Job is more completely alone in his suffering than is Lear. The so-called friends of Job offer him no comfort, but in a very self-righteous way reprimand him for his supposed wrong-doing. He is alone, feeling that even God has deserted him. Lear, on the other hand, even in the midst of his deepest agony has loyal followers in Kent and the fool, who suffer with him in all things. Perhaps the fool is a little like those false friends of Job in his reproaches, but these are prompted by the complete devotion in his simple heart. In *Job* there are only four main characters, Job and his three friends; and this book contains no parallel to the Gloucester plot which serves to intensify the theme of *Lear*.

Mention of the theme brings up another important point—the emphasis of the two works. The main idea of *King Lear* is filial ingratitude and its results. In these results are seen the effects of suffering on an arrogant, egotistic king. The superficial theme of *Job*, and the one on which this comparative study must be based, is the suffering of the innocent. By underlying this is the story of a soul struggling to understand the nature of God.

As has been pointed out earlier, *Job* and *King Lear* have in common the theme of human suffering. In both this theme is used as a means of portraying character development. It will be seen that the effects on the personalities of the two characters are entirely different.

Looking first at *Job*, one sees a man who possesses a devout faith and a scrupulous conscience. The Bible describes him as "blameless and upright, one who feared God, and turned away from evil." So great is his fear of the effects of sin that he continually sacrifices burnt offerings for sins which he and his children may have unwittingly committed. The Lord has blessed him with prosperity. But there comes a day when his faith must be tried, and he is afflicted with the loss of his property and his children. His faith stands firm, however, and his only words are, "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And if the loss of all that he owned and loved is not enough, his body becomes covered with painful sores. Still he refuses to curse God for his misfortune. His three friends who come to

comfort him only make matters worse by their accusation and self-righteous advice. Through their conversation one can gain insight into the character of Job. From Eliphaz one learns that Job has helped many who had met with misfortune and suffering. Throughout the speeches the impatience of Job is emphasized. He was indeed impatient and defiant too; for in the end he challenges God to reveal himself and vindicate his sinlessness.

But before defiance comes despair. From the midst of his agony Job asks again and again why he has been allowed to live. He cries out in his pain and sorrow many times, "I loathe my life; why did I not die at birth?" Job's greatest suffering comes not from bodily pain or from the loss of all that he held dear, but because he is estranged from God. Through the turmoil in his soul he asks why he ever knew God and wishes that he had never heard of him. His suffering at first takes the form of despair with life and pain because of his inability to understand God's purposes. Through all this he feels himself unjustly condemned, and

A Comparison and

By SARAH ANN SMITH

his indignation mounts as his friends continually reproach him. His despair continues, but now he is trying to justify it. In this section he again cries out his innocence and asks why he is being punished. He rebukes his friends for taking it upon themselves to judge him. Utter despair is revealed in his belief that death terminates his existence and that there is no hope for him. Through all this, however, there gleams his faith in God, but at last his impatience leads him to conclude that God does not hear the prayers of a man. He accuses God of letting the wicked prosper and the innocent suffer. His sense of his own righteousness makes him feel that God has punished him unjustly. At this he rebels against the majesty of God and defies the Almighty himself.

Turning to *Lear*, one finds an entirely different situation for Lear's suffering changed him from a proud, self-centered ruler to a meek old man more concerned with others than his own. In the first scene of the play the reader finds Lear foolishly dividing his kingdom to satisfy his desire to have his daughters prove their love to him. By doing this, he is depriving himself of a permanent home and putting himself at the mercy of others. Against the advice of the wise Kent, he proceeds in his self-destruction by disinheriting Cordelia, the only one who loves him. In this suffering caused by the rejection of his daughters; Lear rants and raves, however impotently, and calls down upon them the direst curses which the gods can devise. In the midst of his anger, however, one can detect a note of fo

and despair as he cries, "O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!" Here is the first hint of his coming insanity. When Lear is turned out into the storm, his nobler nature begins to make itself known. Out of the bitter grief in his heart at his daughters' cruelty are born both his insanity and that love which will eventually be his salvation. Unlike the old king, Lear here shows concern for the discomfort and unhappiness of others. His first thought is for the fool when they are on the stormy heath, for he says, "Poor fool and miserable, I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee." A short time later it is evident that he sees the error of his ways. He says:

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this!"

Shakespeare's *King Lear*

Book of *Job*

Immediately after this his approaching insanity reaches its climax in the pathetic mock trial of Regan and Goneril. Lear's suffering causes him to question the justice of the gods and the reason for man's existence. When Lear is taken again at Dover, concern for the lot of men has taken away every vestige of his vanity and conceit. Along with his insanity has come a wisdom which might have saved him earlier. His words express his preoccupation with the common suffering of mankind. Bitterness and self-pity are present at this point also. When he meets Cordelia, however, even these have been purged away. He is completely humble as he begs Cordelia's forgiveness and admits his own foolishness. What a far cry is the captive Lear who will be content with a prison if only Cordelia is there from the obstinate king who wanted all things. This Lear is governed by love; and he at last dies of love, for the death of Cordelia breaks his heart. When he appears for the last time, his willfulness is completely mellowed by his suffering.

In comparing the suffering of these two characters, one finds that they were affected in ways which are completely opposite in many respects. Job began as an innocent, God-fearing, and sinless person who became a rebel against the will of God. Lear, on the other hand, brought his suffering upon himself; and through his guilt he grew into an humble and wise person. Job also gained this wisdom ultimately, but only after his awe-inspiring vision of God in the whirlwind. They are alike in that suffering causes both of them

to question the reason for existence and the relationship of evil and justice in the universe.

Throughout both *Job* and *King Lear* the characters continually question the apparent triumph of evil. Job expresses himself thus:

"I will say to God, Do not condemn me; let me know why thou dost contend against me. Does it seem good to thee to oppress, to despise the work of thy hands and favor the designs of the wicked?"

Again he asks, "Why do the wicked live, reach old age, and grow mighty in power?" From all these things Job becomes convinced that God does not answer prayer or hear the cries of men. It is a bitter philosophy which he has formulated, for his God is one of complete power who uses that power to make men suffer. It seems to him that God bestows his gifts upon those who do not need them and leaves the desolate and despairing ones to their own devices. Throughout the book Job repeatedly cries for understanding of the purposes of God, for there seems to be no reason for his calamities. Perhaps Job represents one of the greatest expressions of faith in all literature; for, stoic-like, in the midst of his anguish he can say, "I know that my Redeemer lives, and at last he will stand upon the earth." To Job God was not merciful or loving, but a God of might, who distributed justice with an iron hand and possessed the right to play favorites among men if he so desired. Despite his questioning of the divine purpose, Job felt that God had the right to do evil as well as good without condemnation. The tragedy in *Job* is this failure to understand the nature of God and the resultant groping in the dark. But Job is vindicated in the end. Righteousness conquers, God speaks to him, and his fortunes are restored. The self-righteous friends are rebuked and forgiven.

This fairy-tale ending is a far cry from the tragic conclusion of *Lear*. Its difference may represent the divergent idea of moral justice which is found in the play. There is a great difference in the fact that the gods of *King Lear* are pagan Gods and justice is looked upon as a governor of the universe, complete in itself. The main characters seem to be fighting against this moral justice and destroying themselves in doing so. Injustice predominates in this play, and Lear himself is guilty of it in the first act. All the characters in the play except Cordelia, Kent, Edgar, and the fool are guilty of this at one time or another. For a while it seems that the evil schemes of Goneril, Regan, Edmund, and Cornwall will succeed; and the retribution makes victims of the innocent as well as the guilty, for Cordelia is caught up in this web of tragedy. The justice in Lear is without pity or mercy. Albany's words at the death of Goneril and Regan express the nature of it: "This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble touches us not with pity." Always the emphasis is on man as the victim of harsh, unseeing justice. The grandeur of Lear lies in the fact that he rose triumphant over his unrelenting power. Here there is nothing of the divine forgiveness that is found as a climax to the troubles of Job. What vindication there is occurs within the characters themselves as they battle against "the stars above us, which govern our conditions."

King Lear and *Job* are, therefore, both similar and different. Dealing in essence with the same themes, each works out the answer to the problem in a different manner. In *Job* can be seen a man's faith triumphant over adversity, whereas *Lear* exemplifies man triumphant over an unrelenting fate.

Poetry

WRITER, WHY DO YOU WRITE?

MARY BROOKS YARBOROUGH

Writer, why do you write?
Is it a spontaneous flood of what you are
 feeling now
 You must tell the world?
Is it an accumulation of truths
 that you have discovered
 in your experiences—
 truths that you think the world will
 be better for knowing?
Is it creation?
 Do you write to see things grow
 from your own labor?
 You will not make new things,
 but you can make new combinations
 of things;
 you can reweave old threads for us.
You are our spokesman.

You of the race of man, who write for man—
Do you write so that he may see himself
 as some think he is,
 in glory and disgrace?
Or as some think, always in glory?
Or as others, always in disgrace?
You write as you see him.
Be sincere.



You of us, writing of us,
 you, our detached prophet,
Tell us what we are,
 who we are.
Speak to us
 of us.

CORNELIA RIVIERE

Footprints there are in the wind-swept sand,
Come you and see them too—
Here ships sailed out for a distant land,
Come you and see them too—
There's blood, there's war on that distant shore,
And my love will return no more.

A cupboard is bare in a lonely hut,
Come you and see them too—
The windows are down, and the door's pulled shut,
Come you and see them too—
The house looks bare; from the chimney there
No smoke curls in the air.

Upon the bed a young mother's dying,
Come you and see them too—
Near by a babe in a basket is crying,

COME SEE THEM

Come you and see them too—
'Neath a cross on the wall three candles are sighted;
With a prayer and farewell they've long been lighted.

A sword finds its mark in a distant land,
Come you and see them too—
A mother surrenders to death's demand,
Come you and see them too—
Two candles have dimmed and flickered their last;
Two lovers united are part of the past.

Footprints have been covered by the wind-swept sand,
Come you and see them too—
A rising gold sun brightens sea and land,
Come you and see them too—
A holy man you'll see, walking over the hill,
Carrying a babe—
 'Tis the will of God.

Mr. Haishan slouches on a rusty board,
 Not knowing-----therefore, not caring
 That the seagulls and fish are separate.
 He is deaf
 And nodding in the hazy sunlight.
 I am an old woman in the body of a child.
 No lines dwell on my heated brow,
 But on my brain are heavy thoughts.
 I have waited,
 Long days have I anticipated the coming minutes-----
 Dreaded them, yet awaited them with dumb curiosity.
 And I am aware of the air between us.
 Above me the towering mountains grow somber,
 Perhaps chilled after their rumbling, volcanic origin.
 These rocky bluffs here become somber over the sandy beach,
 Adorned by red algae,
 Engulfed by red algae.
 Rice! Sugar cane! Nourishers of my body,
 Send your roots deep into the fertile soil.
 Leaves of you will soon taste salt,
 Know a watery existence, know a watery existence.

Dai Nippon!
 My land of the great sun!
 My land of magnificent palaces and temples!
 My land of Buddha!
 Will you forsake me now?
 Priests of Buddha, pray for me!
 Pray for me, a heimin!
 Wax tree, let me cling to you now.
 Your death is mine-----
 Hush!
 I see it on the horizon,
 But I can neither run nor hide
 From its tremendous force.
 Priests of Buddha, pray for me.
 It comes

TIDAL WAVE

You come!
 You are upon me now, and
 I am no longer aware of the air between us.
 Mr. Haishan slumbers now.
 Priests of Buddha, pray for me!

BEAUTY

LOUISE ROBERTSON

Beauty, my lovely Beauty,
 Hide not from us, my love and me;
 For we have made you more perfect in our passion
 Than ever you were when first created.

Beauty, my bashful Beauty,
 That shyly peeps at the earth
 From some lone cloud of the sunrise,
 Be shy no longer. My love and I have eyes for you--
 O God, our God, we see--we see.
 Take not from us that which has made us one in each
 And in thee.

Beauty, my true love's Beauty,
 Release yourself, your fullness to me.
 Let me but adore you, and in my adoration
 Ever hunger for you, and in my hungering
 Always taste of you.
 So unsurpassed in depth of structure you are
 That my poor lips in the tasting cannot savor
 Your full flavor. How unworthy am I!
 How beautiful you are!

THROUGH A STORM

CAROL HARVEY

Rumbling waters thrashing,
 Treacherous rip-tides swirling,
 Crushing breakers mauling,
 Blackness, foam, bursts of light--
 Where is hope?

Not in screaming or gasping,
 Not in struggling or fighting,
 Not in seizing or clinging,
 Nowhere

unless

The rock!
 Steady, strong, dependable,
 Able to uphold.

Storm does not tear it;
 Lightning does not sear it;
 Turbulence does not shake it--
 Can it be reached?

There is safety from roaring seas;
 There is purpose for swimming on;
 There is satisfaction of conquering waves.

If the rock is embraced,
 The flood will recede.

THE WORLD DID SLEEP

LOUISE ROBERTSON

The rippling waves over darkened shore
Of waters calm and deep
Rise and fall with an endless roar
As all the world does sleep.

The poet's heart like to the ocean,
So calm and still and deep,
Tossed in waves of stirred emotion
To all the world who sleep.

And in the stillness of the night
When dreamer's land shall keep,
Drops a lone dreamer in his flight
While still the world does sleep.

How small the poet who wrote those parts,
Who hoped that beauty seeps
To waken lonely, saddened hearts
Of all the world that sleeps.

They mocked his art and tore his heart;
To death the poet crept

Where he might rest and be apart
From all the world that slept.

On waking to the new-born day,
They found a crumpled heap
Who plunged into the rippling bay
As all the world did sleep.



La Marick for those who REALLY
Care for Beauty



La Marick

Spun Silk Shampoo
Dandruff Remover Shampoo
Cleansing & Night Cream
Liquid Cleanser
Hair Spray
Keep Neat
Creme Rinse
Deodorant
Perfumes
Hair Brushes
Skin Toned

Note: Clubs, Sororities, Schools
Excellent Opportunity — Top Profit
Sponsor this top quality, family used, economically priced, Al-
ready Popular Beauty Product Line.

Contact

La Marick

Box 946

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Phone FR 5-3406

OBSERVATIONS ON A RAINY DAY

AUSTIN SIMPSON

Some days are murky and gray.
Rain indifferently dampens the scene
And all the players therein
With a hesitant, irregular sprinkling.

Trees and spirits droop in unison
From the weight of the weather,
And every soggy soul wishes last night
Had not surrendered so easily
To the invasion of light this dawning.

Sleep was invented for a day like this!

But sleep we may not,
So we all join together
In a united front of suffering and lamenting——

A fortunate few can painfully give
Cause for their condition:
"I've got a splitting headache,
And this rain has caused it all."

But pity the majority who can find
No convenient ache or pain
To use as a self-excuse.

Some attempt the dismal joke:
"Such weather's made for ducks."
The generous soul in battling the gloom:
"Rain is good for the crops."

The honest outlook comes from most
Who simply say:
"To blazes with this wet and muck,
I wish the sun would shine!"

Thus through a murky day we pass,
Consoling and bemoaning man's collective fate.
The rain has made us selfish,
As every private ache and worry
Receives its full attention.



The world is a droopy, dripping place
On a close and rainy day,
And man becomes a fretting grouch
On such a rainy day.

Yet bless these days on which a man may frown——
In such a mood he cleans his soul,
As the raining clears the air.
For when the sun shines forth again

The world and all inhabitants
Return her beams
With a clean and bright reflection.

Goforth's
Inc.

Gifts — Cards — Stationery

Telephone FR 5-0027

Selwyn Hotel Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.

Compliments of

SELWYN HOTEL

SPRING

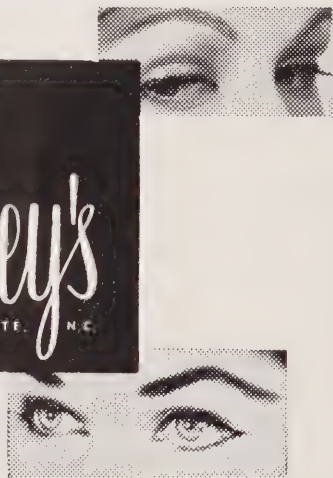
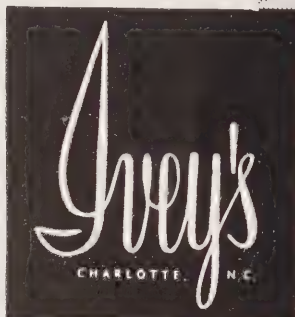
MARY BROOKS YARBOROUGH

Tired,
Each of us,
Although we love winter—
the day's icy blush,
the night's impersonal cold spread,
We love more—
the associations we have
that are divided in our lives
by the prism of changing days.

Now
We are ready.
Anticipation is stimulating
Jubilance before boredom.
Day's hot flushed face,
Night's coolness
will bring fleeting memories
of what we now feel
Amid new associations.



keep your
eye on



for
significant
fashion news

"I just love to travel! It is so broadening. Don't you think so, Mr. Mitchell?" Oblivious of the fact that his answer had been nothing more than a grunt at best, the plump, gray-haired woman prattled on about her trip. She had boarded the train at Denver and promptly introduced herself as Mrs. Birdy. And she had not stopped talking since then. Within half an hour we had learned all about her laughter, married to a brilliant lawyer, and her son, "the most important man on the campus." Since I was seated directly across the aisle from her, I was receiving most of her information.

I glanced at the unfortunate man beside her. After he had said that his name was Mitchell, he had volunteered little else. He was distinguished in appearance, and there

TRAPPED

REBA STEELE

was an important-looking brief case at his feet. He was deeply absorbed in some papers and was paying no attention to Mrs. Birdy.

"Do you think it will stop snowing soon?" she inquired.

"I'm sure it won't snow all night," I answered.

"Wouldn't it be exciting if we were caught in a blizzard?"

"I hardly think that would be a very pleasant experience," I returned.

She continued to speculate on the weather, and I let my eyes rove over the rest of the passengers in the car. The major part of them were probably tourists; some could have been traveling on business. There was a little boy who appeared deaf to his mother's threat, "Johnny, if you don't come back here, I'm going to whip you!" And diagonally across the aisle was a couple very obviously on their honeymoon—she wore the conventional suit and orchid, and he, the silly grin.

Seated next to me was a very sweet, elderly woman named Mrs. White, who must have been in her seventies. Her health, she had told me, was extremely poor, but she wanted to pay a surprise visit to her children in New York. I glanced past her out the window and saw that the snow was noticeably thicker than it had been.

Night came quickly, and everyone began to prepare for sleep—well, everyone except Mrs. Birdy. She was now trying to get Mr. Mitchell to agree with her that if she had gone to another dentist, she would never have lost her teeth.

I slept off and on, awakened occasionally by a strange noise until suddenly something brought me to consciousness with a jolt. I realized that the train had stopped rather

abruptly. I leaned over and pulled up the shade, but there was nothing but darkness outside. I thought I detected snow very close to the train, but I attributed it to my imagination and settled back in my seat.

The conductor entered the car and announced, "We've been stopped by a cave-in of snow on the tracks, but we expect to be moving in an hour or two. There is no need for alarm."

I dropped off to sleep once more, and when Mrs. Birdy's voice woke me up again, I saw that it was morning. But I saw something else that made my heart thump. The snow had drifted against the train and was covering half the window.

"Isn't this exciting!" Mrs. Birdy was exclaiming. "I just can't wait to tell my bridge club. They will turn green with envy!"

The porter came through with hot coffee and announced that the snowplow was expected in another hour; so we settled back to wait. The young bride started to cry, and her husband tried awkwardly to comfort her. The little boy, bored with lack of action, began to run up and down the aisle. His mother seemed lost in thought, and she made no attempt to stop him.

"You know, my sister has a friend whose cousin was in a blizzard one time," said Mrs. Birdy. "They had a terrible time; five of the passengers in her car froze to death, and . . ."

"Mrs. Birdy, will you kindly be quiet for a while," I was surprised to hear Mr. Mitchell say. "We might be here for some time," he continued, "so let's try not to get on each other's nerves."

Mrs. Birdy, somewhat mollified, got out a movie magazine and lost herself in its depths. I realized that Mrs. White was very cold; so we wrapped her in a blanket and gave her hot coffee. The hour passed very slowly. The little boy lost interest in running around and began to annoy his mother with questions.

"Mother, why don't we go?"

"Shut up; I already told you three times. This is the last trip I'll ever take you on."

Suddenly Mrs. Birdy mused out loud, "I wonder if Elizabeth Taylor is as pretty as her pictures make her?"

Mr. Mitchell made a fatal mistake by answering, "Yes, she is very beautiful."

Mrs. Birdy eagerly pounced on that statement and said, "Do you know her?"

"I have produced some of her pictures," he replied.

"What!" screamed Mrs. Birdy. "Oh, what will the girls say when I tell them that I sat beside a real, live Hollywood producer . . ."

The hour was up, and the conductor came through to assure us that there was absolutely no danger. He said that they expected the snowplow any moment. He told us there was enough food for a day or two, but we would not be able to have heat.

Someone in the front of the car suggested that we play games. Twenty Questions met everyone's approval, and we all joined in. I noticed that Mrs. White looked pale, but I thought that she was just cold. Mrs. Birdy was leading things, of course, but her personality suited this type of activity; so everyone was enjoying it. I looked at my watch and was surprised to see that it was already eleven o'clock, and there was still no sign of the snowplow. But things were not unpleasant at all; I was actually having fun. Some-

one started singing, and we passed the time this way until lunch. Then trays of food were brought around, and the hot food was delicious.

Our morale was high during the afternoon, and Mrs. White felt better and joined in. We tried not to worry about the absent snowplow, and we made jokes about the cold.

Later in the afternoon I began to worry about Mrs. White. She was trying to put on a cheerful front, but I wondered just how sick she really was. A quick search of the train rewarded us with neither doctor nor nurse. We made her as comfortable as possible, and she went to sleep.

The night was miserable. Our supper had been alarmingly smaller than lunch. We were hungry and cold. It was a penetrating cold; the blankets did little good.

Morning came, and with it the terrible sight of the window completely covered with snow. I turned to wake Mrs. White to give her some coffee, but I got no response. Alarmed, I felt her pulse and realized that she was just barely alive. The others awoke gradually, and we all felt helpless at not being able to do something for her.

"She's going to die," sobbed the bride. "I just know she is."

The conductor came often to check on her, but we began to doubt the sincerity of his reassuring words of rescue. It seemed to me that it was growing colder, if it possibly could. Lunch was very meager, and we faced the afternoon in despair. Someone suggested games again, but nobody was interested. Tempers flared; a worried look was on every face.

"What if we never get out?" wailed the bride. "We might all die."

There was no food for supper. Some began to pray; others sat and stared into space. The little boy sobbed that he was hungry, but his mother told him to be quiet. We tried to keep up our hopes of rescue, but the thought of death persisted. Mrs. Birdy had not spoken for over an hour. Mrs. White still had a faint pulse.

I drifted into a light sleep. I was very cold; my feet had no feeling in them. I must have dropped into a deeper sleep because when an odd noise woke me sometime later, I realized I had been asleep a long time. What was it? It was a curious scraping, roaring noise. Suddenly, we all realized what it was. A wild jubilation welled up inside me as I heard the shouts of the rescue squad. We danced and shouted with delirious joy.

After I had a cup of coffee, I went back inside to see how the doctor had found Mrs. White.

"Oh, the old lady is going to be all right," he said in answer to my question. "But this other lady, this plump, gray-haired one, must have had a heart attack. She is dead."

RHETORIC RETARDED

SUSAN THOMAS

pUNCTUATION——tHROUGHOUT tHE nATION
gRAMMAR dOTH aNOINT . . . wHAT's tHE pOINT?



PARKER-GARDNER COMPANY

118 W. Trade Street

Phone ED 2-8257

Headquarters for Music



HOTEL CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"Carolinas Largest & Finest Hotel"

AIR CONDITIONED

THE PINE ROOM
EARLY AMERICAN RESTAURANT
INFORMAL DINING

Alton L. Bland, President

Kenneth B. Cross, Manager

THE CHALLENGE

"Chicken!" "Chicken!" The words echoed through my mind. The guys had dared me, and now I couldn't back down. This was my chance; I might never have another. I had been popular at that high school where we used to live, but here I had been nothing—up until now. I knew they were fast, but this was the crowd I wanted. They were real cats, all of them, with pegged pants, Ivy League shirts, hot rods, and fast girls; but they were the best. Dad gave me money for the clothes and car, but it was the crowd I wanted most. I knew he wouldn't approve of them, but who cared. If the whole school seemed to revolve around them, they must be all right. Besides, Dad would never know. The old man was on the road a lot, and Mom never said much to me. Sure, she squawked some when I came in late, but most of the time she was out with "the girls," as she called them. Their crummy bridge games lasted for hours, so she didn't have time to worry about me.

Little by little I had worked my way closer to the gang. Once in a while they even spoke to me; now here was my real chance. By careful planning I had learned where they were gathering tonight and just happened by at the right time. I never heard much about their big nights, but this was one of them, I knew. For some reason they weren't quite sure of me, so I was going to have to prove myself—tonight!

When I screeched to a stop in front of them and leaned out the window, some of the boys wandered over to my car. We talked for a few minutes, and I learned that they were going to the highway, the local drag strip for kids which wasn't used much at night.

"Ya wanna come?" I was surprised that they'd ask me. Something must be up.

"Did the King give his O. K. on it?" I questioned. The King was the leader of the group, the big wheel.

"Yeah, come on," was the reply.

I followed them out to the highway, and after we got there everyone got out of his car. There were about fifteen of us.

"Let's get movin'," the King shouted. "Pete, you and Jim go first." The boys had a few drag races—nothing too exciting—I'd done that before. After a while the King sauntered over to me.

"You game?" he snapped.

"Sure." There wasn't anything to this gang. I knew I could get in.

"O.K., boys, we're gonna have a little chickey run," sneered the King. The boys flocked about us.

"Chickey run!" I stammered, "That's illegal; count me out. Nothing doing!"

"We sure had him pegged wrong," came taunts from the crowd.

I was mortified. I had to do it now. This was my chance—the one I had waited for.

"All right, I'll do it," I said reluctantly. Maybe there wouldn't be any cars on the road tonight. Maybe nothing would happen.

The fellows backed off; only the King remained. "Ready?" he half whispered.

We got in our cars; he took the right lane, I the left. He gunned his motor and peeled off; I did the same. We were side by side, going about sixty; no cars were approach-

ing yet, thank God. We speeded on at seventy, both of us near the center of the road. Then I saw it: glaring headlights in the blackness ahead! Closer and closer they came. I couldn't turn off. I couldn't—not now. This was my chance; this was it. I kept on. A horn blared and lights blinked, but I couldn't turn off—I just couldn't. "Chicken!" "Chicken!" I could hear their words even now. The approaching car came almost upon me, and then it was no more. I heard a splintering, deafening crash; and then only the King and I were on the road.

After a few minutes he slowed down; I did the same. "You passed it, kid," he yelled out the car window.

"Yeah, sure," I said weakly. "But what about that other guy?"

"Probably just some drunk. We'd better beat it just in case, though," said the King. "You're all right—played it real cool. I knew you had it in ya," said the King. "See ya tomorrow, kid."

And with that he peeled off again, calm as before. I started off too, but not calmly; I was sick. How could I have done it and only in a few minutes' time? And me, me of all people—I never thought I could.

How I got home I'll never know, but when I finally arrived, all the lights were on. Mom must have decided to come home early for a change. She would have to on this night. Hell, why tonight? I stopped, slammed the car door, and went inside.

She was just sitting there; she had no expression, no anger, no nothing. "Where have you been?" She sounded tired.

"Out," I answered. "Why? What's wrong?"

"Your father," she began, "your father's been killed. Run off the road by some damn kid. The cops just called; he died right after telling them."

"Chicken!" "Chicken!" The words echoed and faded into blackness.

Compliments of

CAROLINA CONCRETE PIPE CO.

Ladies' Apparel



MILDRED'S SHOP

753 Providence Road

COMPLIMENTS

OF

AL BROWNE'S SERVICE

AND

FUEL OIL

**PROVIDENCE
SHOE REPAIR**

"Fine Shoe Repairing"

601-B Providence Rd.

ED 2-6281

S. B. Wooten, Mgr.

**THE
BARRINGER HOTELS**

100% AIR CONDITIONED



Charlotte, N. C.

Columbia, S. C.

Augusta, Ga.

The Character of Jim in *Huck Finn*

BETSY GOODYKOONTZ

At one point in *Huckleberry Finn* Huck says of Jim: "I thought he had a good heart in him and was a good man the first I see him." And Huck, almost as if by instinct, was right in his judgment. Above all else Jim is a good man with a good, great heart. Perhaps through Jim Mark Twain was expressing his faith and belief in the Negro as a human being, a human being as good as any white man. If this was Twain's purpose, he accomplished it admirably, for when one closes the cover of *Huck Finn* his remaining and lasting impression of Jim is that he is a man of goodness and love.

Jim is a picture of the typical Negro of his day—illiterate and superstitious. His superstition is well evidenced by his magic "hair-ball" and by his real fright over the rattlesnake. Today we frown

upon superstition, but it was an integral part of the ancient culture from which Jim descended. In spite of his lack of education Jim is an intelligent man—"level-headed," as Huck calls him. The interesting element in Jim's character, though, is that Twain makes him more than the representative of a type—he makes Jim appeal to the reader as a very real person.

Jim is a man capable of the deepest human emotions. He truly loves Huck. We see this love grow throughout the book. It seems to reach a climax the night of the storm when Jim thinks Huck is dead. His sorrow and subsequent joy upon finding Huck to be alive are outward evidence of his deep feeling. Jim seems to have a great deal of empathy. One instance on which we see this is when the Duke and King board the raft and tell their respective tales of woe. Jim feels extreme pity for them at this point.

Jim, we learn, is a family man. This is a touch of genius on Twain's part, for it makes Jim seem very human to us. Jim's own tale of the deafness of his little 'Lizabeth is indeed touching. Somehow it is easy to picture Jim surrounded by his happy family. We do not find him in this actual role; but in many ways Jim assumes the responsibility of being a real father to Huck. At times we have the feeling that he and Huck and the raft and the river form a family, a primitive community. Jim certainly represents all the depth and warmth human love is capable of. And yet his love is tempered by realism; he recognizes evil and wickedness and is wary of the many characters whom they meet; and in being this way he is doing no more than observing the law of self-preservation in a day when life on the great river was fraught with roughness and danger.

Perhaps even more outstanding than his love for people is Jim's quality of loyalty. Whatever happens, Jim stands

by Huck. At this point his love for Huck almost seems one of childlike devotion. But it is a loyalty that springs from more than a slave's relation to his master or an inferior's relation to his superior. It is the loyalty of one friend to another, of one man to another. It is a loyalty based on the equality of true friendship.

Jim's character is of a very whole nature. When he loves, he loves completely; when he trusts, he trusts completely; when he fears or distrusts, he fears and distrusts completely.

Aside from being fine and good in and of himself, Jim is a vital factor in Huck's moral testing and development, for Huck reaches perhaps his first real moral decision when he faces the question of whether or not to help Jim escape from slavery. Perhaps the most touching part of the story is Jim's utter faith and trust in Huck at this point. He never realizes the struggle Huck is going through. He believes completely in the faithfulness and loyalty of Huck, who is not a white person nor a superior, but a friend and fellow man.

In sum, Jim is a simple man untarnished by the sophistication of onrushing American culture. He is a noble example of the finest values the human race embraces. He is big-hearted, loving, and loyal to what he holds dear. Above all he is a man fighting for the dignity of true freedom. Surely one of Twain's purposes in the creation of Jim was the representation of humanity's greatest qualities, not in an atmosphere of definite historical period and growing, bustling civilization, but rather in an atmosphere wherein men's souls may meet on the highest planes of love and loyalty, an atmosphere of the natural, timeless, surging flow of the great river that is like life itself. And it is especially significant for us today that Twain, writing in the shadow of the tension of a bi-racial nation split by prejudice, should choose as his example a Negro.

The Yellow Kitten

(Continued from page 13)

suddenly, she had frozen in her steps: her kitten crouched in the weeds by the path! The child's paralysis did not last long. She jumped up and down and screamed, "My yellow kitty!! Mother, Mother, my yellow kitty's back!" Then she ran to smother it with caresses. But as she approached, it arched its back and wildly hissed at her. And then it turned and ran. She stumbled after it as she half-cried, "But it's me, kitty; it's just me." She waited for it to come hug her little leg. Instead it crouched on its haunches, its eyes ovals of wildness and suspicion. Then suddenly it sprang up and raked its claws down the leg stretched trustingly toward it. Turning, it vanished forever into the woods.

And the little girl lay there, sobbing herself sick, the scar of a cat's scratch on her heart.

The Shell

MARILYN HACKETT

The wind was blowing lustily in from the sea, flapping Diana's gay beach towel madly. She finally had to kneel in the middle of it and weight the corners down with clam shells to get it spread out. She flopped on her stomach and switched on her small radio, smiling self-consciously at the middle-aged couple under a nearby umbrella who had watched her struggles with amusement.

It looked as if the week was going to be pretty dull. None of her friends from home happened to be at the beach, and she missed the crowd at Ridgetop Village, where they had gone the year before. To the eternal irritation of her pretty, fussy little mother, to whom social graces came easily, Diana could never quite bring herself to make the first move toward striking up an acquaintance with total strangers. Among people she knew she forgot her five feet ten and her plain appearance, but among strangers she felt conspicuously huge and awkward. It always took time for her naturally exuberant personality to thaw.

"If I were a cute little blonde instead of an overgrown brunette," she mused, "somebody might try to get introduced to me. As it is, I'll lie out here all week without even anybody trying to pick me up. Not that I want *that* kind of attention—but it would be fun to have to worry about it once in a while!"

She sat up and rummaged in her beach bag for a mirror. Peering into it, she patted her dark brown pony tail, batted her brown eyes with their stubby eyelashes, and examined her olive skin for blemishes. "Diana," she told herself, "you just don't have what it takes. There's nothing you can do about it, so just forget it!" She rubbed some oil on her shoulders and lay back down, stretching her legs their full length and digging her toes into the sand. She closed her eyes and tried to shut out the shouts of children and the faint buzz of a distant motor launch.

The advancing, retreating motion of the waves, the warmth of the sun on her back, and the soft music from the radio mingling with the sibilant whisper of the waves were a compelling anesthesia. She was hovering on the brink of consciousness when she heard or felt something hit her towel. She lifted her head with effort and saw a shell lying by her elbow. As she looked up wonderingly, the man—or was he a boy?—standing about ten feet from her turned hastily and strode away.

She rolled over and sat up. He kept walking without a backward glance. The couple under the umbrella stared at her curiously. She blushed and tried to look nonchalant, but her mind was whirling. "Why did he walk away?" she puzzled. "If he had been trying to pick me up, he would have come over right away to try to start a conversation. Maybe when he saw my face—no, I'm not *that* ugly! Maybe he just lost his nerve. But why would he bother with me in the

first place? This beach is full of girls who look better than I do. Maybe he figured he had a better chance with somebody who doesn't have much choice—but they say everybody looks good to somebody. Maybe I just appealed to him. Maybe he saw my noble character shining through my plain face!"

She smiled wryly and looked at the shell in her hand. Not more than three inches long, it was cream-colored, with delicate chocolate-brown markings on the outside. Two tiny pebbles were caught in the top whorl. She tried to dislodge them, but they remained firmly imprisoned. As she turned the delicate object, examining it closely, a gleam on its outer surface caught her eye. It was a tiny grain of something, probably sand, imbedded deeply, and it sparkled like a diamond.

She lay back down, still cradling the shell in her hand, and abandoned herself to idle speculation about the shell and its giver. Her thoughts wove tortuously in an endless circle of blind alleys and dead ends. She stared at the shell unseeingly while her practical mind wrestled with impractical hopes and doubts. Discouragement settled on her like a damp fog. "He must just have been having some fun at my expense," she concluded hopelessly.

Suddenly the back of her neck crawled as a shadow fell beside her. She scrambled to a sitting position and looked up. He was looking down at her—not smiling, just staring. She felt the eyes of the couple under the umbrella boring into her back. With a drowning sensation she held up the shell and stammered, "Do — do you — want it back?"

He smiled briefly and shook his head. She stared speechlessly back at him. Her mind made idiotic comments like "must be at least six four . . . such short hair . . . a service man? . . . not handsome . . . a strong face, though . . ."

His voice shattered the awkward silence. "May I talk to you for a while?" She turned red and stuttered, "Well, I—all right." Her conscience gave a startled leap and hissed reprovingly. Her mother would be horrified.

He sat down on the far end of the towel. She drew her feet up and sat cross-legged, wondering what came next. Again he broke the silence, saying haltingly, "I'm married. I got married on a two-week leave—a month ago. My wife is back home—in Ohio. Next week I leave for Germany. Her parents won't let her come with me . . . won't see her for two years . . . I—just wanted to talk to somebody. I'm not trying to pick you up. I just want to talk."

Her conscience retreated shamefacedly as she burst out sympathetically, "Oh, that's terrible! No wonder you wanted to talk to somebody!"

The anxious lines in his face smoothed out. "You'd be surprised how hard it is for a service man to find a decent

vilian who'll even speak to him any more. During the war
 rvice men were big heroes, but now people think they're
 e scum of the earth, especially here in town."

She agreed eagerly, telling him about her cousin in the
 arines who had the same trouble. He told her about
 mething that had happened to a buddy of his, and they
 lked on about the army, politics, and the world situation,
 ith the unspoken agreement to avoid personal subjects.
 he time flew. The ease and unself-consciousness of their
 nversation made them feel like old friends.

Suddenly they realized that it was after six. "Oh, I've
 t to go!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea it was so late.
 other will be frantic." She picked up the shell and they
 ood up. She knew she would probably never see him
 ain, and she felt that she couldn't let him go without
 lling him of the doors their friendship had opened for her.
 he felt time rushing away from her as she struggled for
 e right words.

Finally she looked at the shell in her hand and said
 lpflessly, "It's beautiful. I never did thank you for it."
 e smiled, took her hand, and folded it tightly over the
 ell.

"Goodbye. It's been nice," he said, and walked away.

"Goodbye!" she called after him, but he didn't turn.
 e dwindled in size as the distance between them grew.
 e stood there watching until he was only a speck, then
 thered up her things and walked slowly home, clutch-
 g the shell tightly and shivering in the chill gusts of
 nd.

WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE

MARY BROOKS YARBOROUGH

e don't have time to waste,
 here's not one second to lose,
 a infinite number of things we could do,
 e simply must sit down and choose.

down and choose?
 hat do we know?
 ow do we start?
 here do we go?

think about it
 me begins to slide past,
 u've got nothing done
 cept get to the end of this rhyme

ch in.
 n't drift off in thought
 t do what you ought.

SOUNDS OF MORNING

MARY BROOKS YARBOROUGH

Oblivious sleepers,
 Somebody bathing,
 Hot air of the heat blowing from the
 vents,
 Loud clocks in silent rooms,
 Occasional car,
 Plane, this early morning time over my life,
 one spot in its journey,
 Loud birds and birds farther away,
 Muffled train,
 Angry dog and milkman's steps,
 Never silence.



Douglas

ENTERPRISES

DOUGLAS FURS

DOUGLAS CLEANERS

DOUGLAS DRESSES

LAUNDRIANA

(Self Service)

Music
 INCORPORATED

(Charlotte's Most Complete Music Center)
 Corner of Elizabeth Ave. & Independence Blvd.

The Style of Ernest Hemingway

BETSY GOODYKOONTZ

Ernest Hemingway is recognized as one of America's foremost contemporary writers. Most of his work is exceptionally good; in fact, I would rank his *The Old Man and the Sea* as a literary masterpiece. Hemingway is a great writer because his novels and short stories are more than mere writings; they are real creations by a master. Hemingway's creations are wrought in a distinctive style. Other authors could write the same stories that Hemingway writes; but the stories would thus lose their vitality. It is the characteristic Hemingway style that makes Ernest Hemingway's writing really great.

The Hemingway style is typical of a great deal of our modern narrative writing. Gone are the eternal verbosity, the intricate descriptions, and the frequent lengthy digressions of the eighteenth and nineteenth-century novels. The speed and brevity of our twentieth-century life are reflected in most modern writing. Ernest Hemingway is one of the chief exponents of this writing that always comes straight to the point. His brevity, rather than detracting aesthetically from his work, adds the finishing touch of greatness.

Hemingway, whose usually cynical works deal with the more distressing aspects of modern life, has crystallized the circumstances of our times. In *A Farewell to Arms* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* he describes the eventual futility of lasting human happiness in a world racked by the agonies of war; in *The Sun Also Rises* and in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" he tells of the tragedy of the jaded lives of the pseudo-sophisticated "lost generation." All of these works reveal Hemingway's essentially nihilistic philosophy of life. The author's characteristic trait of verbal simplicity is not only symbolic of his own negativistic philosophy but also is completely effective in describing a world that offers mankind only a blank wall of nothingness.

Hemingway's bleak, skeletal sentences at once convey to the reader an impression of a great void underlying all of life. The following passage leaves the reader with an empty, isolated feeling:

He joked about it to himself but he looked at the sky and at the far mountains and he swallowed the wine and he did not want it. If one must die, he thought, and clearly one must, I can die. But I hate it.

(*For Whom the Bell Tolls*)

These short, jerky thoughts of Robert Jordan's are pathetic in their empty simplicity. Hemingway's sentences here create an atmosphere of stark realism about death, a realism that is as hard and cold and still as death itself. And it was that very cynical realism that Hemingway wished to convey to his reader.

More than anything else in his writings, however, Hemingway's terse dialogues create a feeling of detached nothingness on the part of the reader. In the following dialogue

from "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" we find a perfect example of the hopeless emptiness that underlies so much of Hemingway's work:

"Why, I loved you. That's not fair. I love you now. I'll always love you. Don't you love me?"

"No," said the man. "I don't think so. I never have."

"Harry, what are you saying? You're out of your head."

"No. I haven't any head to go out of."

"Don't drink that," she said. "Darling, please don't drink that. We have to do everything we can."

"You do it," he said. "I'm tired."

The two quotations that I have just given are typical of nearly all of Hemingway's writing. Most of his short paragraphs are permeated with a cold, accepting here-today-gone-tomorrow attitude. Practically all of Hemingway's dialogues are taut and essentially superficial; we know that the spoken words are not really what the speakers are thinking and feeling. Hemingway's carefully contrived simplicity and brevity immediately create a sense of tragically lonely isolation and nothingness.

Paradoxically, Hemingway loses his pessimism and cynicism in passages of real action and description. Words seem suddenly to come flowing out of his pen. He is never too verbose, though; he still chooses his words with infinite care. We find much more life and beauty when he writes of action and scenes.

Hemingway is a man's man. He loves the fast, swiftness of action of bull-fighting, shooting, and deep-sea fishing. When relating tales of these things that he loves, he springs into life and becomes a man of virility and at times violence. In such times of action his work loses its usual tone of pessimism and becomes lusty and life-loving. The following passage from *The Old Man and the Sea* rings with a man's positive action and nature's powerful might:

The old man dropped the line and put his foot on it and lifted the harpoon as high as he could and drove it down with all his strength, and more, strength he had just summoned, into the fish's side just behind the great chest fin that rose high in the air to the altitude of the man's chest. He felt the iron go in and he leaned on it and drove it further and then pushed all his weight after it.

Then the fish came alive, with his death in him, and rose high out of the water showing all his great length and width and all his power and

his beauty. He seemed to hang in the air above the old man in the skiff. Then he fell into the water with a crash that sent spray over the old man and over all of the skiff.

Where in this beautiful passage is Hemingway's usual gleeful cry? This quotation is filled with a love for life on the part of both man and beast. With his careful choice of each exact word, Hemingway again creates the scene that he wished to create. Underlying this passage we find a strange twist in Hemingway's philosophy, however. *The Old Man and the Sea* reveals a new Hemingway, a man who is more life-affirming and life-welcoming. One cannot quite analyze the feeling that he has when he finishes reading *The Old Man and the Sea*; but it is definitely not the lonely, bitter feeling that the rest of Hemingway's writings leave with us. In spite of a seeming change in basic philosophy in *The Old Man and the Sea*, Hemingway creates his desired effect by his usual simplicity of style and careful wording.

In Hemingway's earlier and later writings both, we find positive enthusiasm for life in his passages of pure description. He is a master of color and symmetry. Following is a quotation from *The Old Man and the Sea* which approaches perfection in visual writing:

The clouds over the land now rose like mountains and the coast was only a long green line with gray blue hills behind it. The water was a dark blue now, so dark that it was almost purple. As he looked down into it he saw the red sifting of the plankton in the dark water and the strange light the sun made now.

find this description particularly beautiful. Its beauty is again achieved through a perfect choice of words. Hemingway's frequent use of the word "dark" presents a background against which his colors stand out more vividly than ever.

It cannot be denied that Hemingway is a great artist with words. It is difficult to find a sentence in his writings which contains an ill-chosen word. Although we might disagree with the philosophy which Hemingway usually teaches, we cannot condemn him for picturing life as he sees it; the important fact is that he creates a realistic, compelling picture of his view of life. The one major negative criticism which I have against Hemingway's work concerns his seemingly conscious delight in scattering obliquity throughout his pages. His deliberate pre-occupation with lewd passages is so heavy that at times his works do not seem psychologically sound.

One could go on forever analyzing and discussing separate passages that Hemingway has written. The important factor is, however, his style in the unity of the whole. In summing up Hemingway's main stylistic characteristics, I would mention three distinct qualities: his eager, vibrant virility in his passages of action; his delightful ability to create visual beauty for the reader; and his great capacity for words. I believe that Hemingway's greatest asset as a writer lies in his ability to choose always the right word, to use the perfect number of words in each sentence, and to symbolize and capture the basis of his deepest meaning by the simplicity and brevity of his sentences. Any man who has as great a mastery over words as does Ernest Hemingway deserves to stand in the first ranks of our contemporary writers.

comment on today's world

hurry, worry,

scurry, flurry,

always fretting, never getting . . .

why?

Refreshment to You Through the Years



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY OF CHARLOTTE

The Smartest Thing You Wear Is Your Hair MYERS PARK Beauty Salon



Completely Air-Cooled
Henri Bendel Preparations Are
Ours Exclusively

Phone ED 2-5031 Huntley Pl. at Providence Road

MARBLE MUSINGS ON PSYCHOLOGY

BLUE CALHOUN

From my stately marble throne
On a monument of stone
I watch common man go by—
Thank my stars I'm up so high.

He's a creature of delight
'Specially when he's in a plight,
For he scurries like a hare
Who has lost his sense of where.

There's a rumor that I hear
In my private stratosphere
That solution's on the way
From a science that they say

Is the answer to the prayer
Of confused men everywhere.
But to you, friend, I confess
That it isn't all they guess.

Of its sources I'm not sure,
But I fear it's to endure,
Thriving on the motivations
Of all men and their relations

Who are willing to employ
The belief that every joy,
Every sorrow, anger, fear
In a pattern will appear

If with care you trace the way
(That some analyst will say)
Doubtlessly the thing developed
Before you were thus enveloped.

They'll invite you to a couch,
Take your savings for their pouch,
Make each solitary pain
Into reason for their gain.

They will tell you all about
Freud and Watson and the gout,
Which they always will maintain
Is a psychologic pain.

Even children can't escape
Consequences of debate,

For the experts fuss and fight
Over which one has more might—

Factors that the babes inherit
Or develop on the merit
Of the things both done and said
While they lie asleep in bed.

Or join me in a glance at those
Who parents are and I'll disclose
My own philosophy on why
They look upset and gaze at my

Peculiar, inexpressive stance
At hours' length as in a trance.
It's all because they are confused
About how much control to use.

If they allow the young to go,
Overt aggressiveness will show;
But if the parents say "You can't,"
The children will be meek or rant.

Now if perchance the youth live through
(As ev'ry now and then some do)
The childhood pitfalls that they greet,
Then they should be prepared to meet

The dangers hid in later life,
Which seems to breed both strain and strife.
The dangers lurk at every turn
Where you may fail or you may learn.

So isolate your self with haste!
No, wait—such actions are displaced
Expressions of withdrawal from
Society and its busy hum.

Fight then, friend, against the issue!
But again results are fissure,
For this time you should suppress
All such yearnings to aggrass.

Goodness, friend, what can I do?
Man is hopeless, it is true.
I am helpless to provide
Happiness he is denied.

From my pedestal of stone
I gaze, rejected, all alone—
A model case of all you fear.
I live a sad life, dark and drear,

That all began some time ago
When I let my frustration grow.
Look carefully at me. You see
A true case of rigidity!

first in college fashions



2nd Floor

United States Casualty Company

Southern Department

523 North Tryon Street

Casualty Insurance

Fidelity and Surety Bonds

FOR—

COSMETICS

PERFUME

STATIONERY

DRUGS

PRESCRIPTIONS

SHOP

ECKERDS DRUG STORE

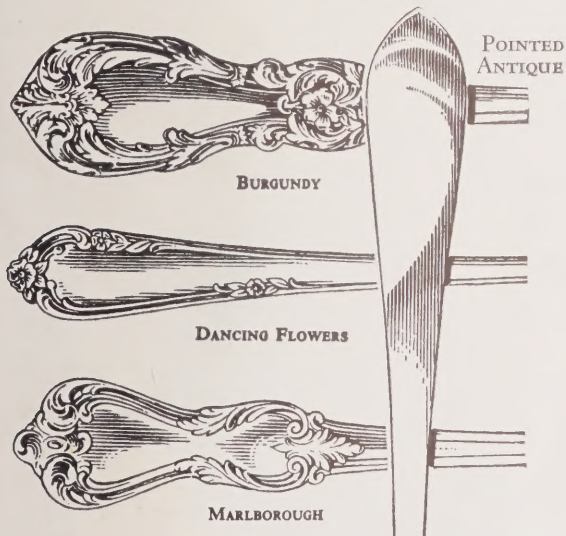
1025 PROVIDENCE ROAD



Reynolds

114A W. 5th St.

Featuring the newest in College Fashions
for the Smart Collegian.



No matter what the season, your world-renowned Reed & Barton sterling silver is the focal point of your entertaining, your everyday dining.

Burgundy\$36.50
Dancing Flowers.....\$29.75

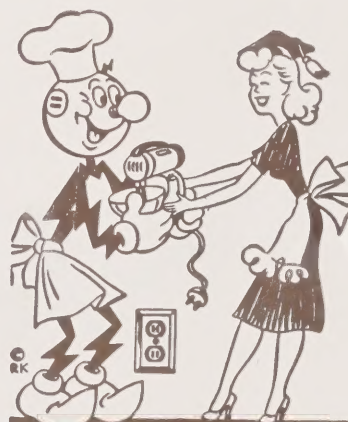
Marlborough\$31.75
Pointed Antique\$32.50

CLUB AND CHARGE ACCOUNTS

Garibaldi & Bruns

Established 1896

104 S. Tryon Street



DUKE POWER COMPANY

Serving the Piedmont Carolinas

